

AT THE ALTAR

The Daring Cowboy Snatches His Bride from a Mexican.

BAT MALONE'S GREAT FEAT

The Fame of this Rio Grande Hero and Prince of Cowboys—How He Won the Love of the Beautiful Senorita Nadina—His Close Call on Death and His Subsequent Triumph.

"Bat Malone is not altogether lovely," says one of his warmest friends, "but what he lacks in beauty is amply supplied by a heart of gold and an arm that was never lowered in fair battle."

The cowboys on the cattle ranches of the Rio Grande frontier regard Bat as the beau ideal of their calling, and they never tire of talking about his numerous daring adventures and his many narrow escapes from death. He has been crowded over a high bluff by a herd of stampeded steers, wrecked in a cattle car, held up by robbers, chased by a mob of Mexicans, shot at scores of times, badly wounded twice, bitten by a vinegaroon, had his flesh sampled by a jaguar, hugged by a cinnamon bear, threatened by a red-headed widow, nearly hanged by a misfit, and now it is known that he has stolen the prettiest girl in all Mexico from the hymeneal altar while priest, bridegroom and wedding guests trembled in amazement.

It is this last remarkable adventure that has made Bat famous. For several years this daring rider served the Government as a river guard, and it was while fearlessly discharging his duty that he incurred the bitter hatred of the smuggler and outlaws of the Zona Libre.

A notorious smuggler by the name of Doran Bellario, who has long boasted that he "owed Bat a killin'," recently found an opportunity to send a bullet through the cowboy's arm from ambush.

When this happened the Texan was engaged in moving a large herd of cattle through Northern Mexico to a ranch belonging to the Castle Rock Company. He had never seen Bellario, but he charged his wound to the man who had threatened him.

He knew he could never find his enemy in the broken country, so he rode on quietly, biding his time until he came to a little spring of sparkling water that gushed from the rocks at the base of the hill upon which the ranch house toward which he was proceeding was located. While busily engaged in bathing his wounded arm in the cooling liquid a little noise attracted his attention, and when he looked around his eyes fell upon something that he had not noticed. A young girl stood among the ferns and flowers near the spring watching him with motionless interest. "I was afraid," says the cowboy, "that my eyes had deceived me, for I had never before looked upon such a lovely girl."

While Bat was thinking of naids and nymphs the pretty girl came nearer, and in a soft voice asked the wounded cowboy a few little questions concerning his distress. Bat had hardly answered her before she invited him to go up to the hacienda. "My father," she said, "never turns any one away, and I have a mamma grande who can dress and heal your wound. She is famous. Come now," she added, with a smile that broke the American's heart, "I will help you up the hill."

Before the suffering cowboy reached the hacienda he learned from the pretty girl who held his arm that her father's name was Diego Borino and that her own was Nadina. He received a warm welcome from the members of the family, who happened to be present, and he was so well cared for that a physician who arrived a few hours later found that but little had been left for him to do. The wounded Texan recovered slowly, and several days passed before he began to talk about resuming his journey.

In the meantime Cupid had adopted an old dodge that has proved effectual in all ages and with all manner of people. Bat and Nadina suddenly manifested an eager desire to improve their knowledge of the English and Spanish languages. They could well understand each other in either tongue. The pretty girl had attended an American school in Monterey and the cowboy had been long on the frontier.

One fine day when the happy young people were busy with their efforts to master two languages a gaudily dressed caballero made his appearance at the Hacienda de Flores. Every member of the family appeared to know the man and Malone thought that they all regarded him with feelings of concealed awe or fear. Nadina trembled, and when her father introduced Senor Juan Acosta, Malone noticed that the old gentleman was certainly agitated. The visitor remained for dinner and he occupied a seat at the table facing the wounded Texan. Senor Morina was strangely reticent, while Nadina seemed to Malone to be terribly frightened. Her face was colorless and her speech limited to monosyllables. While Malone was wondering what on earth had caused the change in the manners of his friends the visitor picked up the carving knife, and with his glittering black eyes fastened upon the Texan he ran his thumb along the edge of the blade, saying "Muncha grande cuchilla," adding in broken English, "Just the thing to wriggle in the heart of a rival."

There was no reply. The members of the family sat strangely silent with their eyes fastened on their plates. But Malone did not know that Juan Acosta was but another name for Doran Bellario and that the man who had broken his arm with a Winchester sat opposite to him boiling with rage and thirsting for his blood. He had never seen the noted bandit and smuggler and he did not dream of meeting his enemy at Senor Diego Morina's table, for the wealthy rancher was known to be an honest man.

Senor Acosta remained at the hacienda until the middle of the afternoon, and during his stay Malone did not see anything of Nadina. Once he thought he saw her walking in the garden with the man he was beginning to hate. The visitor had no sooner disappeared than the pretty girl returned to the side of the wounded Texan, affecting her usual gay manner, but the man who was now desperately in love was not deceived. It was evident to him that the young girl was greatly distressed, but he was unable to discover the cause of her sorrow. The secret was revealed to him soon enough.

A few moments after dark some five or six Mexicans wearing the uniform of Pulares appeared on the porch of the hacienda

and one who wore a saber approached the wounded Texan, saying: "Consider yourself under arrest. You are my prisoner." Malone's pistols were in another part of the house and it was useless for him to offer any resistance. Senor Morina hurriedly came to the assistance of his guest and after some conversation with the officer he offered to become a bondsman for the Texan. But in reality, the officers were smugglers wearing stolen uniforms. The leader simply stated that he had been sent by his captain to bring Senor Malone before the Alcaldé of Alteta. The Texan, supposing some of his friends had got into a row over brands, made no demur, and his horse was brought around to the gate. He mounted and rode off with the apparent officers.

After traveling a short distance Malone's captors left the main road. They told him they were taking a shorter route to town, but the act aroused his suspicion. They did not go far before they halted in a little grove and the prisoner was told to dismount. One of the men lit a lantern, while others stalked the horses. There was no longer any disposition on the part of the bandits to conceal their disguise.

"So, young man, you have been trying to steal Captain Bellario's sweetheart?" said the man with the sword. Six Mexicans suddenly rushed on him from behind, threw him down and bound him.

"That was Malone's closest call. 'What I was lying securely bound among those merciless wretches,' says Bat, 'I thought my last hour had come.'"

About midnight Bellario came and, noticing the Captain, he bowed with mock politeness, saying: "I owe you an apology for not hanging you on time; but I found the Senorita Nadina so interesting that it was difficult to leave her presence. Amuse yourself as best you can, Senor; I will hang you at sunrise." All save the chief laid down under the trees.

He sat in silence by his prisoner until the dawn of day. When the first orioles sang he rose and deliberately cut the ropes that bound his captive. "Here is your pistol," he said. "Now mount your horse and ride. Don't go near the hacienda; if you do you will be killed. Go at once."

The utterly astounded cowboy sprang into his saddle and, waving a farewell salute to the man whom he could not understand, he galloped away.

While riding at full speed over the plains, casting many tender glances toward the roof that sheltered the pretty girl he was leaving, as he feared, forever, he was suddenly accosted by a man on horseback. When the horseman came nearer Malone recognized a peon called Pedro, whom he had often seen at the hacienda. "I am looking for you," said Pedro. "Senorita Nadina sent me to tell you not to stop. You must ride away as fast as you can. Here is a gold locket with her picture. Senor, she cried."

All of Malone's courage returned. It instantly flashed across his mind that the girl had made some great sacrifice to save his life, and while he was loading his pistol he got enough out of the trembling peon to confirm his suspicions. "Pedro," said he, "How comes your master in the power of Bellario?"

"It all comes of the talk about revolution. They plotted at the hacienda, and Bellario stole all the papers. Senor Morina fears him as he does the devil."

Driving his spurs into his horse the infuriated lover set off at a gallop toward the hacienda. At the gate he encountered Bellario. Both drew their pistols and fired at the same instant. At the crack of the guns the bandit swayed and tumbled into the road, with blood spurting from his side.

Malone rode over him straight to the house. Senor Morina and Nadina, trembling with terror, ran to meet him. They had witnessed the battle.

Both shouted at the same time: "Go away, Senor; go away." Nadina grasped his hand. "Go on," she cried. "You have killed him. The others will come. Go! Come back some day."

Malone knew that he had no time to lose, and, happy in the belief that Nadina loved him, he kissed her cheek and fled across the fields. He went straight to Castle Rock, where he rested hidden for a few days.

Malone planned to return quietly to Texas, and return thence with a few of his tall, blue-eyed friends, ready to defy 100 "greasers" and steal their prettiest girl from under their noses.

He made his journey to the border in company with some American cowboys he chanced in with, and rode carelessly to the border, fearful of nothing.

When he was within three days' travel of the Rio Grande Pedro suddenly made his appearance one night at the campfire. "Senor," he exclaimed, "Bellario is not dead. Your bullet hardly scratched him. To-morrow he expects to marry my pretty mistress in the church at Alteta. If you could but see her, she weeps all the time."

Without a moment's reflection Bat replied: "I will see her," and in less than ten minutes he had saddled his fastest pony, St. Florian, and was galloping over the mesa toward the Hacienda de Flores, alone through a hostile country.

They rode all night, and at daylight when near the end of their journey the desperate lover sent Pedro to the hacienda to scout while he and St. Florian rested for a few moments behind.

In the course of an hour the loyal peon came back. "Oh, senor, we are too late," he wailed. "Even now they are going toward the church."

Malone exclaimed, "I will save her from that villain or die trying." The next moment he was thundering along the highway to Alteta.

"There," cried Pedro, as they swept into the village, "don't you see the wedding procession? They are entering the church."

Malone saw more than the peon. He recognized his sweetheart, and, realizing the value of the flying moments, he guided his horse to the great open doors of the church. Bending over he saw Nadina with her head bowed by Bellario's side, slowly walking toward a robed priest.

The scene made his blood boil, and drawing a pistol, he touched St. Florian's flank. The trained horse sprang forward through the door, creating an awful panic as he leaped over the stone steps toward the altar.

The distressed girl knew that her cowboy lover was near when she heard the terrible noise, and, quickly turning from the hated bandit, she held out her hands. Malone grasped them and drew her in front of him as St. Florian wheeled and dashed into the street. They were not pursued.

The beautiful couple, seemingly transfixed with happiness, fled ahead of the wind to Del Rio, where they were married.

Uncle Cyrus—Say this glass eye hain't no good. I want my money back.

Optician—No good?

Uncle Cyrus—Hain't with a tinker's darn. Can't see a bit better with the blame thing than I kin without.

TRAGEDY OF LOVE

The Wives of Sickles and Commander Hetherington.

BETRAYED THEIR HUSBANDS

And Their Paramours Met Death at The Hands of the Outraged Husbands—Both Women Forgiven—The General's Wife Remained Loyal After Forgiveness Till Her Death, But the Commander's Wife Divorced Him to Marry Another Ten Years After the Tragedy.

A duplicate almost of the famous Sickles-Keyes tragedy is the Hetherington-Robinson affair which occurred in Japan in 1891. The analogy is carried out in the fact that both husbands forgave their sinning wives, but it ends in the forgiveness, for whereas General Sickles wife remained true to her death after her one great sin and the killing of her paramour, Hetherington's wife after ten years has divorced him and is about to marry another.

Bessie Hewes, recently divorced from her husband, Commander James H. Hetherington, of the United States Navy, is about to remarry and this time, so the rumor has it, the bridegroom is to be a Pacific Coast millionaire. The statement that she was recently discussing this report with friends in Chicago has recalled to the minds of the American public the story of the tragedy that marked her life in the orient when she went to Japan to join her husband, who had been ordered to that station with his vessel, the Marion. It is almost exactly ten years since the naval officer shot and killed on the streets of Yokohama George Gower Robinson, who, according to the testimony of the slayer, had led the young wife to betray her husband and dishonor her child, herself and family in her mad infatuation for the slain.

Lieutenant Hetherington won as his bride a pretty girl just out of Vassar. He met her in 1895 at Cape May Point, N. J., while his ship was stationed in those waters. Then Bessie Hewes was seventeen and her vivacity and beauty won him. They were married on December 10, 1896.

After the birth of their first child Mrs. Hetherington went to Japan, where her husband had been ordered on duty.

Bessie Hewes Hetherington was welcomed in Japan as a lovely woman who would ornament the American colony. Among the titled ladies of the empire she found one notable alumna of her alma mater, the Countess Oyama, whose husband, General Oyama, was then the mikado's minister of war and was afterward the commander in chief of the Japanese army in its successful campaign against China. She took up her residence at the Grand Hotel on the Bund, in Yokohama, where she would be able to sit on the wide veranda and see her husband's ship at anchor as soon as it finished its tedious voyage across the Pacific.

The Marion did not arrive for nearly a month after Mrs. Hetherington's arrival in the passenger steamer China of the Pacific Mail line. During that time she infused a great deal of life in the naval colony of the Asiatic station. She met Robinson and they were seen much together. It became apparent to the close observer that again she was at heart the light-hearted girl. A native nurse was engaged to look after the wants of her little daughter.

No party or ball in Yokohama or Tokio was complete without the winsome wife of the American naval officer who had not yet arrived and the gallants of the colony vied with one another to heap attentions on her.

Of all the gay butterfly life of the land of chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms this blithe girl, now a wife, seemed quite the gayest. She was to be seen in the smartest dogcart at the races of the Yokohama Jockey Club. At the garden parties of the legation folk in Tokio she was the conspicuous bit of color which made the high light of the assemblage. No little mother of that land of little mothers, from the petal-strewn banks of the Sumidagawa clear across to the flower stands of Ueyeno, seemed lighter of heart or gayer of spirit.

Robinson was a product of the east, half English, half Italian and wholly cosmopolitan. He was termed in the colony directory a banker.

He sang well, with a high tenor voice, affected the tux and low collar style of dress common to Japan and India, and was quite the Beau Brummel of Yokohama. He fitted perfectly into this picture of voluptuous life. In a geisha gown and samurai's kimono the pair would have made a picture for a fan. At his hilltop bungalow the tiffin parties were as sprightly and sparkling as those at the height of the Newport season. Robinson's presence was like champagne to the fair girl wife.

The husband arrived on the Marion on November 2, 1897. For twenty-nine days crossing the Pacific he had paced the deck, counting the minutes until he should see his wife and baby.

Had he found her transformed he could not have been more disappointed, according to his testimony at the trial. He told how he left his ship as soon as she dropped anchor and hurried to her room.

"She came in with the native nurse and the baby," he said. "I noticed a decided change in her at once. She was not the same woman. My life has been unhappy since that date."

Hetherington regarded the change as a miracle. He did not at first see the influence that Robinson had gained. Then followed the discovery of love letters. And then Hetherington, after his wife had confessed all, met Robinson on the street and killed him.

As the bullet struck him and he realized that he had been mortally wounded Robinson exclaimed: "It serves me right. I deserve to die," and expired with these for his last words.

The United States consular court, in which Lieutenant Hetherington was tried, acquitted him, with the declaration of the presiding judge after the whole story had been told that it was "not conceivable how he could have restrained himself from doing as he did when he suddenly met the destroyer of his life upon the street." Robinson's will, it was found, provided that the bulk of his wealth be given to Mrs. Hetherington. This she refused to accept, and, contrary to the expectations of the friends of both the husband and the wife, the husband did not apply for a divorce.

"There's one good thing about Mrs. De Smeere—she never slanders her friends."

"No; she hasn't any."

THE WASHINGTON GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated February 17, 1902.)

The Washington Globe Publishing Company, M. B. Moroney, President; Charles T. Hunter, Secretary, and William J. Elliott, Treasurer, was incorporated February 17, 1902, under the laws of the District of Columbia, with a capital stock of \$25,000, divided into 2,500 shares of \$10 each par value.

The good will, title, book accounts, and property of the Sunday Globe were sold to the Washington Globe Publishing Company and are now the absolute and unincumbered property of the said company.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company will conduct the publication of the Sunday Globe as heretofore on Saturdays and Sundays of each week under the editorial management of William J. Elliott with this important or significant difference, viz:

ANY STOCKHOLDER OF RECORD WILL BE AT LIBERTY AND IS INVITED TO OFFER SUGGESTIONS ALONG THE LINES OF INCREASED USEFULNESS FOR THE SUNDAY GLOBE BOTH IN THE SUBJECT MATTER OF ITS NEWS AND EDITORIAL COLUMNS, AS IN THE EXTENSION OF ITS BUSINESS AND THE SAME WILL BE GIVEN CONSIDERATE ATTENTION BY THE TRUSTEES.

It is the aim of the Washington Globe Publishing Company to make the Sunday Globe a fearless exponent of public opinion and the popular organ of the masses and at the same time preserve that conservativeness of expression which gives weight to the printed utterance of a truthful press.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company have decided through its trustees to offer TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in shares of TEN DOLLARS EACH of its Treasury Stock for sale to the public and to devote the proceeds from such sales to THE ENLARGEMENT AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

On these shares of \$10 each a dividend of one per cent per month will be paid, as stated in the PROSPECTUS.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company solicits the active co-operation of its friends in the Departments and the general public in the sale and purchase of these shares. There is no Department clerk so poor but that he can purchase, at least, one share and the course of the Sunday Globe, since its first issue, surely indicates that it will be to the interests of the Department clerk as well as to the oppressed and defenseless masses to ensure the prosperity of an organ which does not deny them a hearing and which champions the RIGHT, be the right ever so POOR, WEAK, and FRIENDLESS.

We are now prepared to issue the certificates of stock par value

\$10 EACH

to the limit prescribed by the trustees, and we hope the friends of the Sunday Globe will send in their orders through the mail or call in person at the office, 1223 Pennsylvania Avenue, and secure this Treasury Stock upon which one per cent per month will be paid all stockholders of record on the first Tuesday of every month.

M. B. MORONEY,

CHARLES T. HUNTER,

Secretary.

Prospectus Washington Globe Publishing Company

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.

Divided Into 2,500 Shares of the Par Value of \$10 Per Share. All Shares Full Paid and Non-assessable.

The marvelous growth of the SUNDAY GLOBE since its introduction to the advertising and reading public of the City of Washington, has enabled this company to place a limited number of shares of its capital stock on the market and to guarantee the payment of a Dividend of 1 Per Cent. Per Month payable at the office of the company on the 1st Tuesday of each and every month.

This is an absolutely safe investment and guarantees to the holders a interest of 12 per cent per annum, which, with the continual increase in the value of the stock, makes it one of the best dividend paying enterprises in the District of Columbia.

The sales of the SUNDAY GLOBE has increased continually from the time of the first issue. It has been, and is now, selling through the news dealers and upon the streets, more than a sufficient number of copies each week to warrant the management in guaranteeing the payment of 1 Per Cent. Per Month Dividend as well as to enable them to pay all the expenses incurred in placing the paper upon the market.

In making this statement we have not added or considered any of the receipts coming in from its continual increasing advertising business.

Compare this statement of facts with the stock of other corporations in the City of Washington and you will find few, if any, exceed a Dividend of 1 per cent per month.

The greater majority of them, that pay any dividend, range from 3 to 5 per cent a year, and as such, are considered safe investments.

All stock purchased in the month previous will participate in the profits on dividend day, and checks for the payment of the guaranteed dividends, will be mailed to the stockholders of record, as heretofore stated, on the first Tuesday of each and every month.

Persons desiring further information, can call at the office of the company, or if required, our representative will take pleasure in calling and imparting the desired information.

Send in your orders for the number of shares you desire and make all checks payable to the

Washington Globe Publishing Co.,
1223 Penn. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

By-Laws of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

- The officers of the Company shall consist of a President, Secretary, and Treasurer. There shall be three trustees.
- The President shall be ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees, and the Secretary, ex-officio Secretary, thereof.
- The stockholders shall meet at least once a year—the annual meeting to be the first Tuesday in November. But they may meet as often as it may be deemed necessary by the trustees, or whenever one-fifth of the stockholders in interest shall desire or request, upon (10) ten days notice; in which case the President shall issue the call for such meeting.
- The seal adopted at the first meeting of stockholders shall remain the corporation seal of the Company. No assessment shall be called for or levied upon the stock issued, either by the stockholders or the trustees; and the stock certificates shall state, "non-assessable."
- A majority of the capital stock issued shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.
- The trustees are empowered to offer and sell any treasury stock unsold at whatever price they may deem proper; provided, the same shall not be offered or sold for less than 75 per cent of the par value.
- Dividends will be paid monthly upon the stock.
- The articles of incorporation as accepted at the first meeting of the stockholders shall remain the charter of this Company until duly amended.
- The trustees are empowered to do any and all acts that by law the stockholders may do, provided that the by-laws hereby adopted may not be rescinded by them.
- They may meet as often as they may wish, provided they shall not receive pay for more than twelve meetings annually.
- They may determine the salaries or compensation of the officers and any agent or agents or employees of the Company, and their own compensation.
- They may adopt such rules and regulations for their meetings as they may deem proper.
- They shall report at least annually, the condition and affairs of the company, to the annual meeting of stockholders, or oftener if requested to do so by the stockholders in regular or special meeting.
- Each trustee shall be a stockholder of the Company; and before entering upon duties as such shall sign the record book of the corporation after the following entry: "The undersigned hereby consents to act as a trustee of the Washington Globe Publishing Company until his successor is qualified."
- Any vacancy in the trustees may be filled by the remaining board, likewise any vacancy among the officers.
- The stock certificates of this Company, as adopted, shall be signed by the President and Secretary and the corporate seal affixed thereto; and the stockbook and corporate seal shall be kept at the office of publication.
- Any and all acts that may be done by the stockholders, at any regular or special meeting, not herein expressed, may be done by the trustees.
- A quorum of trustees for the transaction of business shall be two; provided, that no increase of the capital stock shall be made, except by a two-thirds vote of the existing members of the board of trustees.
- The trustees may adopt such rules and regulations for the conduct of the business of the Company, and prescribe such duties of the officers of the Company, as they may deem essential or necessary.

Adopted at second meeting of stockholders, held in Washington, February 18, 1902.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company.

Certificate of Incorporation of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

The undersigned, William J. Elliott, M. B. Moroney, and Charles T. Hunter, all residents of the District of Columbia, being desirous of forming a corporation under Chapter eighteen (18) clause four (4) of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and acts amendatory thereof, relating to the District of Columbia, for the purpose of carrying on and conducting a job printing and publishing business in the District of Columbia or anywhere in the United States of America, do hereby certify:

- The corporation name and the company is the Washington Globe Publishing Company, and the object for which it is formed is for the carrying on of a general job printing and publishing business, with all the usual matters and things appertaining thereto.
- The term of the existence of said company shall be the term of twenty years.
- The amount of the capital stock of the said company is the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), and the number of shares of which said stock shall consist shall be two thousand and five hundred (2,500) of ten dollars (\$10.00) each.
- The number of trustees who shall manage the concerns of said company for the first year, or until their successors are elected and qualified (provided the same may be increased, at the instance of themselves), is three, and the names are as follows: William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter.
- The place in the District of Columbia in which the operations of the company are to be carried on is the City of Washington, and in what other place or places the trustees may determine.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT,
M. B. MORONEY,
CHARLES T. HUNTER.

District of Columbia, to wit:

I, F. Warren Johnson, a notary public in and for the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter, being personally well known to me to be the same persons who have signed the foregoing certificate of incorporation, appeared before me in the District of Columbia, and acknowledged the above certificate of incorporation to be their act and deed.

Given under my hand and official seal this 15th day of February, A. D., 1902.

F. WARREN JOHNSON,
Notary Public, D. C.